



DOSE-WILES COMPANY

205 Washington St. North



she was more definitely within his reach, in case he should turn out to be a nobody, or would be welse?"

should never find out whether or not he was somebody. He had quite forgotten his fear "What!" that he was married.

HE was still walking uptown when a scar-let car drew up at the curb a little in ad-vance of him. Wallace stepped out, lump-ily, with head bent, and shoulders hunched,

ily, with head bent, and shoulders hunched, and made for the entrance of a hotel.

"More booze!" said Sylvester disgustedly. He wished he knew just how well the brute knew his lovely Angela Clive—he was already calling her his! As he passed the car Corrigan took off his cap. Sylvester noted that he did not merely touch his finger to the rim, but gave the full salute. o the rim, but gave the full salute.

noted that he did not merely touch ms mager to the rim, but gave the full salute.

"I'm glad to see you back, Sir, if I may make so bold," he cried.

"Thanks, very much," Sylvester said.

His heart was beating heavily. This manknew him! Yet he did not stop to talk to him. Some instinct warned him that with Corrigan everything would have to be taken for granted. He could not question and probe; at least not at this moment, when Corrigan's drunken master might return immediately, and when his own nerves were on edge. If Corrigan knew him, then others would. He would guess intuitively how to respond to the person who would most readily reveal to him who he was. Corrigan, at least at present, was not that person. In any case, if he needed him, he could always find Corrigan again. Such a figure could not be lost, even in New York. find Corrigan again. Such a not be lost, even in New York.

THE encounter left him rather weak in the THE encounter left him rather weak in the knees. It made him realize how ardently he had wanted to recover his identity, be a man among men, with a right to some definite place in life, however humble. And now, within his reach, lay all he wanted to know. Still feeling a little shaky, he wanted a place to sit down. He turned eastward upon one of the side streets and went into a cafe frequented by those of upper Bohemia who really have palates. The theater groups had not yet begun to come in, and the place was only thinly filled.

He made for a small table in a corner, and

er to get to it he had to squeeze bea order to get to it he had to squeeze be-ind the chair of a small man in gray. The nan rose and pushed in his chair, and then, miling, glanced at Sylvester. In a moment is smile died, his jaw dropped, and he stared

not you: it was just an—an acute nec. I beg your pardon, Sir."

was a trim little figure, gray not only clothes, but in his whole appearance.

resemblance is so striking.—I wonder if you would be willing to call yourself something

clse?"

"What!" cried Jimmy Sylvester, astounded. "I don't understand you."

"You'll have to forgive me," said Henderson. "Of course I sound as if I were mad, and equally of course you have your group of friends, your settled place in the world, a wife and children perhaps. I must really get something to drink: I feel quite upset. And then, if you will permit it, I will tell you a story and you will comprehend something of my difficulty."

Sylvester beckoned emphatically to a waiter, and Henderson leaned his head on his hands until the liquor was brought. Sylvester poured him a glass of wine, and he drank half of it in the manner of one not at all used to it. Presently his gray face brightened and he began to talk.

at all used to it. Presently his gray face brightened and he began to talk.

"I have a long story to tell you," he said, "and I should tell it my own way; for I have no special gift of selection, and must talk it out much as I have lived it. If you have some other engagement, if you cannot hear me, you have only to say so."

Even if he had wanted to, Jimmy Svl-

Even if he had wanted to, Jimmy Sylvester could not have broken away from that eager little man, so anxious to unburden himself; but he did not want to. An adventure of this sort was just the thing with which to top off the amazing day on which he had met Angela Clive.

"Indeed I am very deeply interested," he said warmly.

THANK you. I shall have to begin my story many years back, long before such young men as you and Larrabee Damon were born. I must tell you that I come from England.—a Kent man. My people were of no consequence socially: my father was a small green grocer. And very surprised and proud he would be now if he were alive, and could know that his son was not only a law-yer,—what he would call a barrister,—but had a million dollars."

nad a million dollars,"

"A very good lawyer, I'll be bound!" said
Sylvester, touching his glass to Henderson's.

"That is just the sort of thing young Larrabee Damon would say to me—at least I
think he would," said Henderson.

"Then you don't know him very well?"
asked Sylvester.

"Not you wall, but I

"Not very well: but I am coming to that You must let me tell this story in way," said Henderson, with a kind

Syrvester in rew out his hands with a ges-ture of apology, and Henderson continued:
"In the parish in which I lived the great people were the Datnons. Very fine and proud they were, and very poor too. All they had was their thousand acres, mort-gaged up to the bilt, and half a dozen widows and maiden and such that they dear and allow gaged up to the bilt, and half a dozen wislows and maislen annts getting dower and allowance from it besides. But one bit of capital the Damons did have,—good looks. Four children there were, two daughters and two sons, and it was expected that they would all make good marriages. Even in England, Sir. a rich man will take a well bred girleven if she has nothing but her beauty, and she will often make him a better wife just because she has nothing of her own.

He paused and sipped his wine, and Jim

I am telling you of







Chicago Millwork Supply Company

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50 Sent to your home by express



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colo ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 693 Bourse



CASH FOR OLD GOLD

Liberty Refining Co., 431 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa



